Department of Music
University of Alberta

Concert Choir

John Brough, Conductor
Kimberley Denis, Assistant Conductor
with
Ryan Kolodziej, piano

Friday, April 1, 2005 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall
Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

Mystical Songs

From Songs of Farewell (1916) — Hubert Parry (1848-1918)
- My Soul There is a Country
- Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Two Part Songs Op. 71 (1914) — Edward Elgar (1872-1934)
- The Shower
- The Fountain

Five Mystical Songs (1911) — Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
1. Easter
2. I Got Me Flowers
3. Love Bade Me Welcome
4. The Call
5. Antiphon

Michael Kurschat, baritone

Intermission

From *Zigeunerlieder*, Op. 103 (1887) — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
1. He, Zigeuner
2. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut
3. Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
4. Lieber Gott, du weißt
5. Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
6. Röslein dreie in der Reihe
7. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
8. Horch, der Wind klagt in den Zweigen
9. Weit und breit

Nächtens (1891) — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Kimberley Denis, Conductor

Five Traditional Songs (1978) — John Rutter (b. 1945)
1. The Girl I Left Behind Me
2. O Waly, Waly
3. The British Grenadiers
4. Golden Slumbers
5. Dashing Away With the Smoothing Iron

Texts and Translations

My Soul, There is a Country

Text by Henry Vaughan

My soul there is a country far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry all skillful in the wars:
There above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And one, born in a manger, commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend, and,
O my soul awake, did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flow'r of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But one who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Text by Thomas Campion

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrims' limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.
Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines;
Whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord,
And raise my sprite to Thee!

The Shower

Text by Henry Vaughan

Cloud, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep,
O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep.
Perhaps at last,
Some such showers past,
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

The Fountain

Text by Henry Vaughan

The unthrift sun shot vital gold,
A thousand, thousand pieces;
And heav'n its azure did unfold
Chequer'd with snowy fleeces;
The air was all in spice,
And ev'ry bush a garland wore;
Thus fed my eyes,.
But all the earth lay hush.
Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent,
The music of her tears.

Five Mystical Songs

Texts by George Herbert

1. **Easter**

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him may'st rise;
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

1. **Easter** (cont'd)
Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

2. **I Got Me Flowers**
I got me flowers to strew thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and the East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

3. **Love Bade Me Welcome**
Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eye'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

4. **The Call**
Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, My Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

5. **Antiphon**
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The church with Psalms must shout.
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

Zigeunerlieder
Text by Hugo Conrat

1. **He, Zigeuner**

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein,
Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange,
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!

Ho there, gypsy, strike a chord with ev'ry string.
And the song of false and faithless maidens sing!
Let the strings, lamenting, moaning, brood in sadness,
While the cheeks, still drenched with tears proclaim the madness.

2. **Hochgetürmte Rimaflut**

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so trüb,
An dem Ufer klag ich laut nach dir, mein Lieb!
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,
Rauschen an den Strand heran zu mir;
An dem Rimaufer laßt mich ewig weinen nach ihr!

Wild and threat'ning Rima stream, you fill me with fear.
On your banks I loudly mourn for you, my dear!
Waves are foaming, rushing, dashing,
Breaking o'er the distant storm strewn shore.
On the banks of Rima let me weep for her, forevermore!

3. **Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen**

Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen am allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt und lacht und küßt.
Mägdelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß ich dich,
Dich erchuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!

Know you when my darling does fill my heart with bliss?
When her sweet lips tease me with a laugh and kiss.
Sweetheart fine, you are mine, ne'er a kiss will I miss.
You have made a loving heaven here on earth for me alone.

Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten mir gefällt?
Wenn in seinen Armen er mich umschlungen hält.
Schätzelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß ich dich,
Dich erchuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!

Know you when my lover wins me with his charms?
When, with warm embraces, he holds me in his arms.
Sweetheart fine, you are mine, ne'er a kiss will I miss.
You have made a loving heaven here on earth for me alone.

4. **Lieber Gott, du weißt**

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut ich hab,
Daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein Küßchen gab.
Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küßen muß,
Denk, so lang ich leb, an diesen ersten Kuß.

Loving God, you know how often I regret.
Just a little kiss which I cannot forget.
Heart commands me that I grant this kiss,
And through all my life shall I recall that bliss.

4. **Lieber Gott, du weißt**

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in stiller Nacht
Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz gedacht.
Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu,
Armes Herze bliebt ihm ewig, ewig treu.

Loving God you know that in the quiet night,
How in joy and pain, in him my thoughts delight.
Love is sweet, though love will often rue,
My poor heart remains, remains forever true.

5. **Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze**

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze sein blauäugig schönes Kind,
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen, Czardas Melodie beginnt;
Küßt und hertz sein süßes Täubchen, dreht sie, führt sie, jaucht und springt!
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden auf das Cimbal, daß es klingt.

Sun-brown boy to dance is leading, face aglow, the blue-eyed maid.
Strikes his silver spurs together, dance the Csardas unafraid.
Kisses fondly his sweet darling, whirling, spinning, shouts and springs!
Throws three shining silver gulden, that upon the cymbal rings.

6. **Röslein dreie in der Reihe**

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn so rot,
Daß der Bursch zum Mädel geht, ist kein Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,
ständ die schöne weite Welt schon längst nicht mehr,
ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Rosebuds three, all on one tree, your blooms so red,
That a lad should woo a maid, we'll not forbid.
Loving God, if love had been denied,
All the world, this beauteous world long since have died.
Single life's a sin, at least!

Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist Ketschkemet,
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen schmuck und nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,
Freudenbecher leeret aus!

Fairest village in Alfeld is Ketchkemete.
There live many pretty lasses trim and neat!
Comrades, seek and choose today a bride,
Ask then for her hand and may your house abide.
Drink a toast, our hearts allied!

7. **Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn**

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn, mein süßes Lieb,
Was du einst mit heilgem Eide mir gelobt?
Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht, di weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab;
Lieb du mich wie ich dich, dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab.

Do you sometimes now recall, my sweetheart fair,
How you once with sacred vows to me did swear?
Trifle not, forsake me not, don't you know how dearly I love you?
Love me now, as I love you, pray that God would bless our love so true

8. . **Horch, der Wind klagt in den Zweigen**

Horch, der Wind klagt in den Zweigen traurig sacht;
Süßes Lieb, wir müßen scheiden: gute Nacht.
Ach, wie gern in deinen Armen ruhte ich,
Doch die Trennungsstunde naht, Gott schütze dich.

Hark, the wind weeps though the branches like a sigh!
Sweetest Love, the time has come to say good-bye!
In your warm embrace how peaceful I would stay.
Now the hour of parting nears, God keep us this day.

Dunkel ist die Nacht, kein Sternlein spendet Licht;
Süßes Lieb, vertrau auf Gott und weine nicht.
Führt der liebe Gott mich einst zu dir zurück,
Bleiben ewig wir vereint in Liebesglück.

Dark and gloomy night, no star gives out a light.
Gentle love, confide in God, grieve not in fright.
Should a loving God grant my return to you,
We will dwell forevermore in love so true.

9. **Weit und breit**

Weit und breit schaut niemand mich an,
Und wenn sie mich hassen was liegt mir dran?
Nur mein Schatz, der soll mich lieben soll mich lieben allezeit,
Soll mich küssen umarmen und herzen in Ewigkeit.

Kein Stern blickt in finsterer Nacht;
Keine Blum mir stahlt in duftiger Pracht.
Deine Augen sind mir Blumen, Sternenschein,
Die mir leuchten so freundlich, die blühen nur mir allein.

Far and Wide I stand all unseen,
And if they all hate me, what does it mean?
Only my love shall love me, love me for eternity.
He shall kiss me, caress me and love me so ardently.

Black this night, no star shows a light.
Not a flower's fragrance brightens my sight.
Only your bright eyes are my flowers, and my star of hope will be.
For me shining, so loving and blooming alone for me.

Nächtens

Nächtens wachen auf die irren,
Lügenmächtgen Spukge stalten,
Welche deinen Sinn verwirren.

Nächtens ist im Blumengarten.
Reif gefallen, dass vergebens,
Du der Blumen würdest warten.

Nächtens haben Gram und Sorgen
In dein Herz eingenistet,
Und auf Tränen blickt der Morgen.

Nightly visions ever taunting,
Ghostly figures ever haunting,
Frightful phantoms fearful flaunting.

Nightly cold white frost descending.
Blights the flowers you were tending,
Now their lovely life is ending.

Nightly too in pain and sorrow,
Pines a heart no love to borrow,
And with sobbing greets the morrow.

Five Traditional Songs

1. **The Girl I Left Behind Me**
I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hil,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting from my Sally;
I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each doth but remind me
How swiftly passed the hours away
With the girl I left behind me.

O ne'er shall I forget that night
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp;
Kind heaven then pray guide me,
And bring me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swain repining.
Ye Gods above! O hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

2. **O Waly, Waly**
The water is wide,
I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly;
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flow'rs both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

3. **The British Grenadiers**
Some talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that can compare,
With a tow row row row row row row
To the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses
And we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis
About the enemies' ears;
Sing tow row row row row row row
To the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches
And wear the louped clothes.
May they and their commanders,
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row row
To the British Grenadiers.

4. **Golden Slumbers**
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes;
Smiles awake you when you rise;
Sleep pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

Care you know not, therefore sleep,
While I o'er you watch do keep;
Sleep pretty wantons do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

5. **Dashing Away With the Smoothing Iron**

'Twas on a Monday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-washing of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Tuesday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-hanging of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Wedn'sday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-starching of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Thursday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-ironing of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Friday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-folding of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Saturday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-airing of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Sunday morning
And there I saw my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In ev'ry high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble O
A-wearing of her linen O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

The University of Alberta Concert Choir, 2004-2005
John Brough, Conductor
Kimberley Denis, Choral Assistant
Ryan Kolodziej, Accompanist

Soprano I
Taryn Boston
Jennifer Bretzke
Chelsea Christensen
Kimberley Denis
Maria Holub
Brynn MacDonald
Kelly Moffet
Natasha Normington
Gillian Scarlett

Soprano II
Catherine Benavides
Laura Buckwold
Shannon Cunningham
Meggie Greene
Natalie Hreczuch
Vanessa Johnson
Alison Kilgannon
Erin Passmore
Danielle Richer
Lara Silkin

Alto I
Arissa Bosch
Angela Chiang
Jennifer Chiang
Kathleen Conway
Karlynne Deacon
Kristina Deacon
Christine Eggert
Stephanie Fuhrman
Kirstin Robillard
Allison Schmidt
Kaitlin Wiegman
Stephanie Wong

Alto II
Erin Currie
Bethan Franklyn
Minhye Hong
Marilyn Huston
Boram Lee
Vivian Mendoza
Sarah Prescott
Laryssa Whittaker
Melody Yong

Tenor
David Archer
Jonathan Hamill
Lincoln Ho
Rover Lai
Alto Lo

Bass
Stephen Brown
Kyle Carter
Philip Chow
Adam Ferland
Brandon Folkes
Joshua Jones
Ryan Kolodziej
Jason Ottenbreit
Marcus Wasnea

Upcoming Events

April

2 Saturday, 8:00 pm
***Happnin'*:The University of Alberta Jazz Choir**
Liana Bob, Director
Featuring the styles of Fletcher Henderson, Lambert Hendricks and Ross, Bobby McFerrin "Cannonball" Adderly, the Manhattan Transfer, the Real Group, and much more.
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

3 Sunday, 2:00 pm
World Music Concert
featuring **The University of Alberta West African Ensemble**
Robert Kpogo, director
with the
Indian Music Ensemble
Wasanti Paranjape
and the
Arab Music Ensemble
Michael Frishkopf, director
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult
For more information call 492-8211

3 Sunday, 8:00 pm
Faculty Recital
Guillaume Tardif, violin
Tanya Prochazka, cello
Milton Schlosser, piano
Clara Schumann *Trio in G Minor, Op. 17*
Robert Schumann *Phantasiestücke for Piano Trio, Op 88*
Felix Mendelssohn *Trio No. 2 in C Minor, Op. 66*
Admission: $15/student/senior, $20/adult

4 Monday, 12:10 pm
Music at Noon, **Convocation Hall Student Recital Series**
Featuring students from the Department of Music
Free admission

5 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
Doctor of Music Recital
Eleni Pappa, piano
Free admission

6 Wednesday, 8:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Trevor Sanders, guitar
Free admission

8 Friday, 8:00 pm
The University of Alberta Madrigal Singers
Leonard Ratzlaff, Conductor
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

9 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Music at Convocation Hall
Patricia Tao and
Jacques Després, two pianos, four hands
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Sonata for Two Pianos in D Major, K 448
Paul Dukas
The Sorceror's Apprentice
Frederic Rzewski
Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues
Johannes Brahms
Sonata for Two Pianos in F Minor, Op 34b
Admission: $15/student/senior, $20/adult

department of Music

Please donate to Campus Food Bank

Unless otherwise indicated
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).